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# THE MUSE OF THE INCOMMUNICABLE

BY GEORGE STERLING

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AN echo often have our singers caught  
And they that bend above the saddened strings;  
One hue of all the hundreds on her wings  
Our painters render, and our men of thought  
In realms mysterious her face have sought  
And glimpsed its marvel in elusive things:  
Her shadow gathers and her fragrance clings  
To all the loveliness that man has wrought.

The wind of lonely places is her wine.  
Still she evades us, hidden, hushed, and fleet—  
A star withheld, a music in the gloom.  
Beauty and death her speechless lips assign,  
Where silence is, and where the surf-loud feet  
Of armies wander on the sands of doom.

## BY THE SEA

BY ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

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DREAMING upon the sands I lift mine eyes to gaze  
Beyond the infinite and heaving blue;  
The far horizon, blurred in cloud and haze,  
Bends o'er some beach (I muse) a thousand leagues from  
view.  
“And there,” saith Fancy, “looking toward these sands,  
Wistful like thee, an unknown dreamer stands!”